REMARKS OF VIOLA CARLSON

Meeting of L.A. Valley Historical Museum Association

November 2, 1981

Dodson: Would you mind if we hook this up?

Carlson: Oh no.

Dodson: Keep your remarks for posterity.

Carlson: This is the third time I've visited with you and I feel very much at home here. Uh because the Ruezes [sp?] for one thing, are here and I see two members are here from Tujunga. And some of the other people I know, and of course Mrs. Petit, and Dr. Dodson and the director of publicity. Uh, the Ruezes [sp?] work in the McGroarty Library with uh with our little group, the friends of McGroarty. We meet once a week and we'll start in now that they're down from the mountains again. And uh you have heard him speak on the Mission he had done a very thorough research on that, he and his wife, Freida [sp?] and then she does other things with us too, at the library. We are in the process of classifying, filing, and cataloging the McGroarty collection. We think it is a real addition to the history of our valley and this valley. They feel that we belong to your valley here, I don't know. But uh...

Voice: They're trying to ...[?]...you.

Carlson: That's what I understand. Ha...ha...ha... Be that as it may, we are certainly. You are part of us and we are part of you there's no doubt about that. Uh, because uh Gabriel [sp?] gave you a talk on Mission , from my long association with the uh with the library, since 1968, I have come to uh enjoy probably the most, uh McGroarty as a columnist. And I thought I would speak on that today. Uh the Mission will be brought in in a little bit, but not very much because Gabriel [sp?] is the authority on that. While the title of my talk is "McGroarty as a Columnist", it might as well, it could

be very well subtitled, "A Man for All Seasons". Because of this columnist, from 1918 to 1944, to the Los Angeles Times, that he played that part with such such distinction. For he spoke not only to the minds, but more importantly to the hearts of his readers. And they numbered over the years in the hundreds of thousands. I wondered if that description of McGroarty, a man of all seasons, might be too pretentious. And so I decided to put it in its proper context to judge for myself. My acquaintance with the phrase had only been through a movie of that name and all I could remember of that that was Sir Thomas Moore being assasinated on the altar steps of a cathedral. There is a Catholic scholar at Huntington, and so the next time I went over to the Huntington Library and I asked him if he knew of that saying, "A man for all season" He said, "No,buy tickets for Shakespeare." So I asked Shakespearean students and there are plenty of them over there and they said, "No" they didn't know where it was from. And then a woman writer Catherine [sp?] Tierney [sp?] who has written a book called Lord Byron's Daughter. She said, "I know exactly where it's from." And she got the quotation for me. There is a Byron society that has branches all over this country and all over England they had asked her to write an article in their journal. And she had called Lord Byron a man for all seasons. So this is the quotation. And it's from Erasmus . Erasmus is writing a letter to Sir Thomas Moore in on June 9th, 1511. And he says, "Though as of rule you disagreed wildly with vulgar opinions because of that singularly penetrating wit of yours, nevertheless your affability and your kindness are so extraordinary that you are able and pleased to play with everyone the part of a man for all seasons." And I thought that wasn't pretentious at all, that fits McGroarty to a T. He spoke through his written word to people of all ages, all stations in life, the rich and the poor, and on and at all

times. In the in the early 1930's there arrived in Los Angeles a famous Irish writer. And on his arrival, his first words as he got off the train down at the train station here in downtown L.A., it was "Take me to the home of John Steven McGroarty. I have messages for him from many of his countrymen." It was quite an impetuous demand, you know, when you think how far Tujunga is it wasn't like walking down the village street and finding him. Anyway, uh, eventually they did meet and he got to speak. But here was a man from far off, a literary man, from Ireland who knew of John Steven McGroarty and John Steven McGroarty's writings were known in Ireland, and loved. Just a few weeks ago, I spoke to a long time resident of Tujunga who told me that as a young woman from New Jersey, she would buy the Sunday L.A. Times so that she could read McGroarty's columns. And that after her marriage, she persuaded her husband to come out here and eventually they built a lovely home on the side of the Verdugo Hills. And before that, they rented McGroarty's little high house in the hills for four years. McGroarty's life can rather be easily divided into two parts of forty years each. The fateful year of division is 1902, when he was forty years old. And the two parts might be labeled BFK and AFK, before and after the death of Friedrich Krupp [sp?]. At the time of Alfred Krupp's [sp?] death in 1887, he had armed forty-six nations and as much as any single individual he had set the stage for the great Holocaust that w that would began in 1914. Under Friedrich Krupp [sp?] his son , thirty-eight nations were caught in the deadly arms game that he played with them. Inventing first, an impenetrable shield against all known weapons of that time, and selling it to each chancery in Europe. Then inventing bullets and cannons whose charges could penetrate the new shield. Then another stronger shield and so it went. It was a deadly game of armaments that he played that ended ab-

ruptly in his suicide on November 22nd, 1902. On that day, McGroarty was newly arrived in Los Angeles. Penniless and in poor health, nevertheless, he was moved to write a poem he called "The Dead Gunmaker". "Dead in the belching thunder of the guns on sea and shore, though they grieved the world asunder can break on his ears no more. Forth from his hands he send them, whereever men met as foes. And whereever strong hands unbend them, the cry of the wounded rose. The groans of the men dying and the moans of the ebbing heart. On the fields of the dead low lying, were praised of his master art. Wherever the oceans have bellowed, where ships of the fleet have sped. Deep over the coral pillows where the w...well seas keep their dead. Wherever in rush or rally, men clashed in the strife with men. In ...[?] Worstrum [sp ?] valley, on the great heights of Sedan. Death, and blood, and disasters, spoke his great name in dread. And now in his shroud the master, that fashioned the guns lies dead." McGroarty took his poems to the Times, the L.A. Times, which not only printed it, but commented editorially upon it the next day. Those were the days when poems were an integral part of the editorial scene. Encouraged by the publication of his poem, McGroarty applied in person for a job the next day, to the publisher of the Times, General Harrison Grey Otis. And he got it! "What'll I do?", he inquired. "Go upstairs and tell the city editor you're going to write for the paper.", said the General. And thus began his long association with the Times. A close friendship with the general and an ever warmer relationship with his successor, Harry Chandler who is McGroarty's own age. That period of his life that I've labeled BFK, began in Wilksberry, Pennsylvania, and Foster Township. With his birth on August 20th, 1862 of Irish parents, he was the youngest of twelve children. He showed marked intelligence and a fast little mind at an early age. At ten

years of age, he had his first poem published. Graduating from the Hillman [sp?] Academy at Wilksbury at sixteen, he was certified to teach, and did so until he was nineteen years old. When he began his career in journalism on the Wilksbury Evening Leader, one of the new democratic paper on that rock-ribbed Quaker state. At twenty-one, he was elected Justice of the Peace in at the twenty se.. twenty-six Treasurer of Luzerne [sp?] County. At about this time, he married his childhood sweetheart, Ida Lubrick [sp?] a school teacher and a better help mate no man ever had as we shall see. In 1894, at the age of thirty-two, he was admitted to the Pennsylvania Bar to practice law. He's a very versatile man. Sometime during that year or during the next, McGroarty and his wife Ida went out west to Butte, Montana to work for Marcus Dailey [sp?], the copper king. McGroarty's official biography states that he joined Dailey's [sp?] legal staff, but there is some question about that. One member of the family seemed to recall that he was in charge of a life company belonging to Dailey and some newspaper report this also. Whatever his position, his parish priest and confidante in later years, Father Falvey[sp?], later Monsignor of Tujunga told me on a tape interview that John had come home one day to his Ida in Butte and told her that he's not going to wear copper collar anymore, round his throat anymore or for the rest of his life and he quit. In later years when McGroarty was to write of Marcus Dailey, he spoke kindly of him and considered him one of the three greatest men he had known in his life. However, during those years that McGroarty was in Butte, Marcus Dailey and William Andrew Clark who's the library is named for down that belongs to UCLA that is down by USC, were engaged in a deadly battle of the political control of the state of Montana. It was a no-holes barred battle

that ended only when Dailey died in 1900. Strong passions were aroused in the workers and loyalties were tested to the breaking point. McGroarty may have sickened of this kind of political warfare, where even lives were lost. He simply wanted out, because he was not fitted by nature or temperament for this kind of internecine warfare. Whatever the cause, Father Falvey[sp?] recorded that Ida opened a boarding house for the workers. And McGroarty went about soliciting the boarders. We have a large, heavy account book in the library , listing the names of those boarders. In those days, a man would lodge in one home and eat in another. After breakfast, he would be given a pail containing his lunch to be eaten in the mines or the smelter, and to be back after work to eat his dinner. In later years, Ida McGroarty had a reputation for being an excellent cook. And even when she had help in the home, preferred to do her own cooking. So this school teacher, of German background, was undoubtedly equipped to take over this job. But she must have loved and believed in McGroarty very much to have done this. The accounts begin in the spring of 1899 and continue for a year. We can only hope that Ida had some strong, young immigrant girls to help her. While in the Butte period, that seems then to have ended in the spring of eight...of 1900, there is some question as to where the McGroarty went to next. Time and research may give us some clues, but we do know, what we do know, is that McGroarty with some partners, went to Mexico and invested their savings in a mining scheme and it failed. They lost all they had and we find the McGroartys in Los Angeles on the eve of Friedrich Krupp's death. McGroarty was exhausted and suffering from asthma. Ida put her husband up in a hotel and went to work at the Broadway department store. But McGroarty was not too sick to compose a poem when the spirit moved him. When the death of

Krupp did just that. When he joined the staff of the Times, a whole new life opened up for him. He had reached the land of heart's desire as he called California in his later years. The flood gates were opened and out of his heart, mind, and soul poured words in the form of prose, the prose of reporting. Writing editorials and poetry, and producing history books. And eight years later an immortal play that depicted California's romantic history. And captured the minds and the hearts of two-and-a-half million people who saw it. Before six months had elapsed on his new job, he had written his famous poem "Just California". In his own words, he tells how it came about. "It was Theodore Roosevelt who inspired me. When the president visited the San Buenaventura Mission on May 9th,1903. He said, 'When I come here to California, I'm not in the west, I'm west of the west. It is just California.' I was the last man on watch that night and just before the paper went to press, I read over the president's last words and sat down and wrote the verse." I'm sure most of you are familiar with it. The first stanza goes: "Twixt the seas and the deserts, twixt the waste and the waves, between the sands of buried lands and oceans' coral caves. It lies not east or west but like a scroll unfurled, where the hand of God had flung it down the middle of the world." And the last of the four stanzas reads: "Some in dews that kiss it balmy winds that blows, the stars in clustered diadems upon its peak of snow. The mighty mountains aureate, below the white sea swirled. Just California, stretching down the middle of the world." Besides his writing and eventual editorial writing for the Times, he became the editor of the West Coast Magazine, published by the Grafton [sp?] Publishing Company. A position he held from 1906 to 1914. He wrote promotional articles and brochures. In 1908 Grafton Publishing Company, published a book of his poems called Wander Songs.

In 1911, his California, his book California: Its History and Romance was published for the first time and went through ten editions in thirteen years. McGroarty was not, nor he pretended to be a serious scholar of history, he certainly could have been, had his life taken that turn. While witnessing the passion play in Oberammergau, in 1910, Frank Miller, master of the famous Mission Inn in Riverside, felt that some such play ought to be written of California's romantic past and given yearly at his Mission Inn. He consulted with Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York, Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton University, and Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford University, and all agreed that McGroarty was the man who could best undertake such a project. It is just the year 8 AFK, eight years since his poem the "Dead Gunmaker", and three popular men of letters in the country at large are suggesting that John Steven McGroarty of Los Angeles, write this ambitious pageant drama. He had come a long way. He accepted the challenge, the Times gave him leave of absence of three months. The master of the Mission Inn set aside a suite of rooms for him and his wife. They were fed sumptuously, and McGroarty had the peace and freedom to write to his heart's content, and write he did. Each evening Ida would read over what he had written and make suggestions. Not in three months' time, but in half that time, the work was finished and McGroarty called it simply, "The Mission Play". It was immediately evident that it was too large a production to be put on at the Mission Inn, and so another place must be found. In fact, it needed a playhouse of its own. Frank Miller continued to support his friend and so did the others, so that in less than a year a rustic playhouse had been built and a cast of a hundred had assembled and rehearsed, and the Mission Play opened on April 29th, 1912 to a full house. McGroarty was $50,000 in debt. But the play was an

artistic success and the rest was history. It played each season for twenty years and well over three thousand performances. And over two million people came to see it over the years. In the spring of 1918, there appeared in the illustrated magazine section of the sunday Los Angeles Times, a full page written by McGroarty. He was not even given a byline. But one of his poems appeared in a box in the center of the page, with his name as poet. We know it was his page because he kept these pages in his scrapbook. And his style of writing is easily recognized. In the upper left corner of the page, in the space of one column appeared the word California. Followed by the words quote " In our expanding pacific empire, acknowledged seat of a sensuous western civilization. And on a coming mightier commerce, Harry Carr, editor. On March 2nd, 1919, a new format was adopted and McGroarty's name appeared for the first time on the bottom of the page, two columns wide. By April 6th of the same year, Harry Carr's name was reduced in size and McGroarty's byline, still at the bottom was twice as large as it had been. The mass head was always The Times illustrated magazine. Finally on July 31st, 1921, McGroarty's byline moved up to the top of the page on the left-hand side. On December 30th, 1923, McGroarty's picture appears for the first time at the top of the page and it is called "A Page Conducted by John Steven McGroarty." At last, on January 9th, 1927, in large caps, McGroarty's page is given a title, "Seen From The Green Verdugo Hills". And so it remains until the 1940's when the full page was reduced to several columns and is called "The Poet Writes From His Green Verdugo Hills". With an interlude from 1934 to 37 when he was in Congress, the columns were called by various names. One of them being "Seen from the Capitol Dome". What I have described here is just the bare bones of McGroarty's columns or page, as it evolved over the years. Something much more

exciting was going on in the written words of those pages. In them, McGroarty's talent as a writer reached its full flowering. And his page became to thousands of readers an integral part of their sunday reading. Homespun philosopher, law preacher, commentator on the news of the day, story-teller, he was all of these for his readers. After a year or so, this column, he began to write about his neighbors. Never naming them by name, but giving them titles, such as "The man who played the flute", "Socrates", "The Statistician", "The man who reads the newspapers", "The man who plays the phonograph", all of these were in fact real people or several who lived in the Monta Vista, La Crecenta Valley. And they met on an evening in the little grey house in the hollow that has three big rocks behind it and a lilac bush in front. And he wrote of his yellow cat. This literary device have been used before to a limited degree. But I'm sure none took it to such lengths as McGroarty and with such success. The people of the roaring town, as he called Los Angeles, escaped through his columns to Arcadia and identified with the simple, sterling characters. So well-known that they become, that Lanson [sp?] Tujunga's residence photographer recorder of its beauty and growth, took pictures of the neighbors and the yellow cat of McGroarty. And people gladly bought the set, for a dollar. McGroarty calls his readership "The synagogue of the faithful". And the one requirement for the membership was to say your prayer in the morning and in the evening. If one could picture what life was like in the roaring town during the 1920's, was it speak easy? Hollywood and its scandals? The jazz age? One can understand why people might want to escape to a simpler life, at least in their imagination. Many people acted out their fantasies, and moved up to the Monta Vista, La Crecenta Valley. One of them was McGroarty's own editor, Harry Carr. I should like to read you a few

excerpts from his page, or column. This one was entitled "Strange Folk". Now he would have, on his page, he would usually have uh about five subjects. And there would be titles to them. Sometimes the full page was taken up with one subject, but usually there were varied subjects. This was one of those short ones. It's called strange "strange folk", no I'll start with "Coming Home". "In the purple dusk of an evening lately, after the sun had gone down under the peaks of the Ventura Hills, and the stars are beginning to cluster on our Verdugo's, and we were putting up our little Henry, this ...[?]..., for the night, under the wide thick branches of the live oak tree, where we keep him, a man who is our neighbor came singing up the highroad. The name of the song is 'Coming Home' and we had been told that you could buy it, to play on your phonograph. But no talking machine can sing it the way our neighbor sang it that evening. They are very wonderful indeed, those talking machines, but they can't put the heart and soul of the song that only the who and heart can put into it. Anyway, the man was coming home and that was, was in his heart and that is what he is singing about. At the sound of his voice, the extra candles in his little house which is by the side of the road, were instantly lighted. A match was put on the waiting fagots in the stone chimney hearth, and the door was flung wide open and there was a great, joyous clamor as his wife and children leaped to greet him. He was coming home. All day long, the roaring town had been in his ears. He had wrestled with the mentors of money in the market place. All day long he had fought with his back to the wall. As many a good men must fight in this very materialistic world. But oh, here was his haven now, he was coming home. And the deep peace and the arms and the kissing of those who would still love him though he came beaten and with trailing banners, were these waiting for him, with

the gold of their tireless and endless love. It was a fine song and he was a fine man that was singing it. We thought the purple of the dusk was more royal and the stars a lot brighter then, as we put a blanket on Henry's radiator and bid, bade him good night." Now, I'll read "Strange Folk". "No doubt you all who lived in the roaring town would think we are strange folks who lived in the hills. We have ways that are different from the ways in the city, as one thing could possibly be from another. Now there is a man on our hills,who has a little piece of land cleared away up in the solitude of a canyon, the sun follows that canyon all day long and fills it with a golden glory, and the wild horses of the range ride over it. And on the land, which the man had cleared with his own hands, he makes Rudebagers [sp?], and spuds [sp?], and kales [sp?], and all kinds of things. He has nine kinds of beans there and a hive for the honeybee. If all the factory whistles were never to blow again, if all the wheels were to stop, and the mills shut down, all the way from Dann [sp?] to Bershiba [sp?], this man would never have to give the matter a thought. He could eat ten times a day, and have plenty left over for some ...[?]. Now that isn't what makes him a strange man, it is that he plays the flute. And that once every week, he walks ten miles to meet other folks who plays fiddles, and cellos, and clarinets, and things like that. Once a week they gather together in the hills at a rendezvous and make music until the dawn breaks across the mountain tops. And they not, are they not strange folks? Maybe you all will wonder at them and will not understand why they are not in the roaring town listening to men making speeches, and street cars waiting, and wheels crashing. And yet, as lives go along, these folks are very happy and content. Besides, the music they made themselves, they hear the cricketts singing, and and lend an ear to the pipe frog's orchestra.

Some would think them foolish and others would call them wise." Now his description of this man living in the canyon is not a strange one to us, who live up there in the big Tujunga. So close to the big Tujunga. We had a beloved character who lived in Tujunga whose name, someone whose name was Parson Warnum [sp?]. He wrote often about the Parson in this column. And I have done research on the Parson and we have a beautiful picture of him in Bolton Hall Museum which I hope you people will visit. This one is called "The Parson Said Grace". "Just about a week or so before Christmas, when our sometimes neighbor Socrates was pulling out for the roaring town to sign some checks or cut off some certificates, coupons, or something like that, what does he do but tell his chauffeur to stop at the Parson's house. And when the big juggernaut stopped with a deep growl in front of the Parson's door, the chauffeur gave four honks, or maybe five, and then the parson came running out, bareheaded, to see what the dickens was the matter. And Socrates hollered out, 'Come on parson, parson, and bring the missus with you and lets go down to the roaring town and see Santa Claus.' So, 'All right,' said the parson, ' We'll be with you in three jerks of a lambstail as the saying is.' And in three jerks of a lambs' tail, or not more than four anyway, the parson and the missus were in the big juggernaut and they were all tearing down the Verdugo Road like lightning. Well, they saw Santa Claus all right, and told him what they would like for Christmas and all that, which Socrates made a note of. And then Socrates took the parson and the missus into the big cafeteria to get something to eat. And there must've been about two or three thousand people in the cafeteria, or maybe more. And it was only one of about 160 like it that were in the roaring town. 'God bless us!' said the parson when he saw all those folks stirring into their vittles. 'Haven't any of these

folks got any home?' And Socrates laughed until the tears ran down his cheek. He had been having such a good time with the parson and the missus in the roaring town. Well sir, Socrates and the parson and the missus, had chicken and pie and everything their plates, on their plates. And they were just about to light into it all, with their knives and forks, and the Parson said,'Hold on, Socrates, don't you touch a bite of them vittles, until I say grace.' And by golly, what does the parson do then right there before all those strangers that he had never seen in his life before, but bow his head and start out in his deep, free Methodist voice, to say grace. They heard him all over the place. By ginger, when the parson prays you can't help but hear him. When he starts in to praise God, he doesn't give three hoots who hears him, the more the better. Well sir, you would be surprised to know what happened then. Maybe you would think that the crowd start to laugh and to think him a great joke, an old, grizzled parson having the nerve to say grace in a cafeteria. But they didn't laugh, instead a hush fell over that noisy place. The clatter of dishes seized as though by stern command. And as that old parson lifted his voice higher and higher, the hush and the silence deepened, and heads that have not bowed before the thrown of grace for many years were bowed then. 'Bless us, oh Lord, for these thy gifts which we are about to receive,' said the parson,' and a lot more.' You can't shut off an old free Methodist parson with jsut a mouthful of words when he praises the lord. By golly, it was a surprise party, as the saying is, to Socrates. He hadn't figured on anything like that. But Socrates said also that he hadn't eaten a dinner for years, that tasted so good to him, as that dinner tasted that day in the cafeteria in the roaring town. And there must've been about two or three thousand other people present, on the same occassion, who felt the same way

about it." That gives you a little taste of of how McGroarty wrote about the people who lived up there, and how it appealed to the people down in the roaring town. To think of these people looking up at the valley. It, what he wrote about the parson was true, and the others. He traveled to Europe twice. In 1921 and in 1930. Each time, sharing experiences of his travels, travels, with his readers. Some of those columns are literary gems. In 1933 he was made Poet Laureate of California. And this honor was the one he most appreciated of the many many honors heaped upon him. The fall of 1933 also saw him elected to Congress as a democrat, from an essentially republican district. And he was elected on the Townsend plan. And I brought some of his Townsend papers along, I'll put it on the back table in case you care to look at them. He served for his two years and was reelected and voluntarity retired at the end of 1937. After a lingering illness, his beloved Ida died in 1940, and McGroarty on August 7th, 1944. Now one of the pleasures we had, or the bonuses, of working in the library, is to go out and tape interviews of people who remembered McGroarty. And one such occassion occured on July 7th, 1977 when we went to see Mr. and Mrs. Maggintti [sp?] in North Hollywood. Mr. Maggenetti had appeared on the play as a little boy and as a young man in the 20's he uh, he still appeared on the play. And he would go around with McGroarty, in the late 20's, and McGroarty spoke to student bodies in high school and colleges, and whereever, encouraging them to see the Mission Play. And when we went, we made the appointment a week ahead of time. And when we got there, Mr. Maggenetti , who is in his 80's and is a professional musician, had just finished with one of his piano students, and as he left, we entered. And we came, we were ushered into the den and before I hardly had time to set the tape recorder, which didn't have

batteries and I needed to hook it up, he was so anxious to speak, he ignored this completely and he said, "Since you've called, it's taken me three times," he said. "I have written down the speech which I used to give with McGroarty." "Now," he said, " with this last copy, I have it, I have it now. I want to read it to you." And he didn't care about the recorder at all. But I finally got it hooked up and quickly said: July 7, 1977, and we are at the home of the Maggenetti's. And he said, that this speech that McGroarty wrote in 1911, is known as the table-talk or the farewell speech of Father to his fathers of the mission. He is called the Congregation, and there are, counting himself, there are nine fathers there. He knows that his time is limited and that he expects that he soon will leave this earth. And it is his farewell message to them. And Mr. Maggenetti said to me, "This became over the years, the farewell message of McGroarty to the people of California. 'Francesco [sp?], my beloved brother: in June, my brother et al, bear me witness I have never asked for worldly honors. I've only serve to serve God in the wilderness, bringing the life of Christ to the heathen. I would gladly lie down in this robe of Francescan brotherhood, my arms empty, rich only in the love of God and my fellow man. But oh, California it is dear to me, it is the country of my heart. It'd be sweet to be remembered by the people who will someday crowd these golden shores and possess this sweet valley that I have loved so well. My feet have covered every foot of the way between the missions in San Francisco and the missions of San Diego, oh so many times. And on this last journey which I have just taken, I have stopped off at the Oaken ...?... , kissing the ground in loving farewell. I have looked down from the hill tops and embraced in my soul, every veil covered with poppies and a flame with the wilk flowers. All the mockingbird

And the linnets sang to me on my way. To be remembered in California. Oh God, grant that on me not to be forgotten on this dear and lovely land."

[People clapping]

Voice: I just wanted to say that I think that was one of the finest tributes to anybody. And when you go home, think of the people that have come alive today. We can see the crowd in the cafeteria, and we can see the fellow with his flute walking ten miles to play with the fiddlers. And certainly John Steven McGroarty, and I can think of no finer tribute to any man and that's one of the most interesting, uh, sketches of a man and what he did and I'm sure we all would wish that tomorrow we might pick up the Times and see John Steven McGroarty's page. He certainly was fine. We do appreciate you coming and I can hear it all again. Thank you very much.

[People clapping]

Voice asking question. [Too faint to be heard.]

Carlson: Many people mixed them up and also uh, uh, I think, mixing it up with Ramona [sp?]

Voice: That's right.

Carlson: That's right, so that's not strange that you do.

[Everybody talking]

Carlson: Mission Play was given over, hmm, hmm, Mission play was given over, ... I told you that the Rustic Playhouse was built for it in 1912. And it was just a stone's throw from the San Gabriel Mission, right Gabriel[sp?] ?

Across the street from there. And then later they built the uh, Mission Playhouse, the big one, which stands today, and it's a civic auditorium of San Gabriel.

Voice: And I might ask, are those books still available, of McGroarty's poems?

Carlson: Oh yes. One of the things I, whenever uh, we whenever we see his play, his poems mentioned, we're always very happy and uh, a recent one was "California Mission Poetry". "Just California" can still be found in uh, in uh antiquarian bookstore. But this book was published by Monsigneur Webber [sp ?] and it's called "California Mission Poetry" and uh he not only have some general chapters but also each, he has twenty-one chapters on the mission. And he has chosen all of these of McGroarty's poems. He has chosen McGroarty's poems uh, a number of them. I have these slips of paper for the missions mentioned by "Green Way to Monterey", that's about the mission, the mission in Monterey. And this one is the uh, about Father Serra [sp?], and a general one about the king's highway, and then he writes about the mission in Dolores [sp?] and others. And so I was delighted when I saw the first Father ...?..., ...?..., and the Monegrattis [sp ?], too, and he writes them whenever he can.

Voice: Have any of the columns ever been published?

Carlson: No. Then the Arizona Highways Magazine, you know they have very beautiful ..., well in every issue in their magazine is very delightful. Their Christmas one, last year came up, one of the pictures, these beautiful, beautiful pictures had a poem from McGroarty, from McGroarty to uh a company. Each picture had something with it. No, some of them are just titles, but this one was "Here was the Mission of San Savior" and uh they quote

from this poem of McGroarty's. "Here are their footprints from the desert sands, that time still treasures from its wreck and loss. And here's memory of their tireless hands, the brown wonderous of cross. The sea remembers and hills still know, the olden trails of San ...?...still footsteps trod. And Who swung Christ's favorite ...?... long ago. In wrathing beauty as they dreamed of God"

Voice: He certainly was a fine columnist and poet and uh he is ...come alive and get him for us. And we can see what those of us who did not read those things, have missed really. So again we thank you Miss Carlson. Thank you very much.

[People clapping]

Voice: And I'd like to add a word about our next figure, uh Larry Jordanson [sp?] and I in the , one thing he has done that he had taken some of the tape recorders and has taken some of the valley pioneers and had driven around Van Nuys and had to do a little remembering. And I had ....?.... Harry Lemus [sp?] was one who has went around with him. But I think he was also the one who started... but didn't get photographs of the uh some of the early owners of Van Nuys. And uh, it's very timely and fortunate that he has written a book about the valley and go over to give us the next ...?... So we're happy you're here today and bring other friends with you and uh, we look forward to see you next month. And the people who are directors will meet in the far end of the room for just a minute, we'll have our necessary meeting.